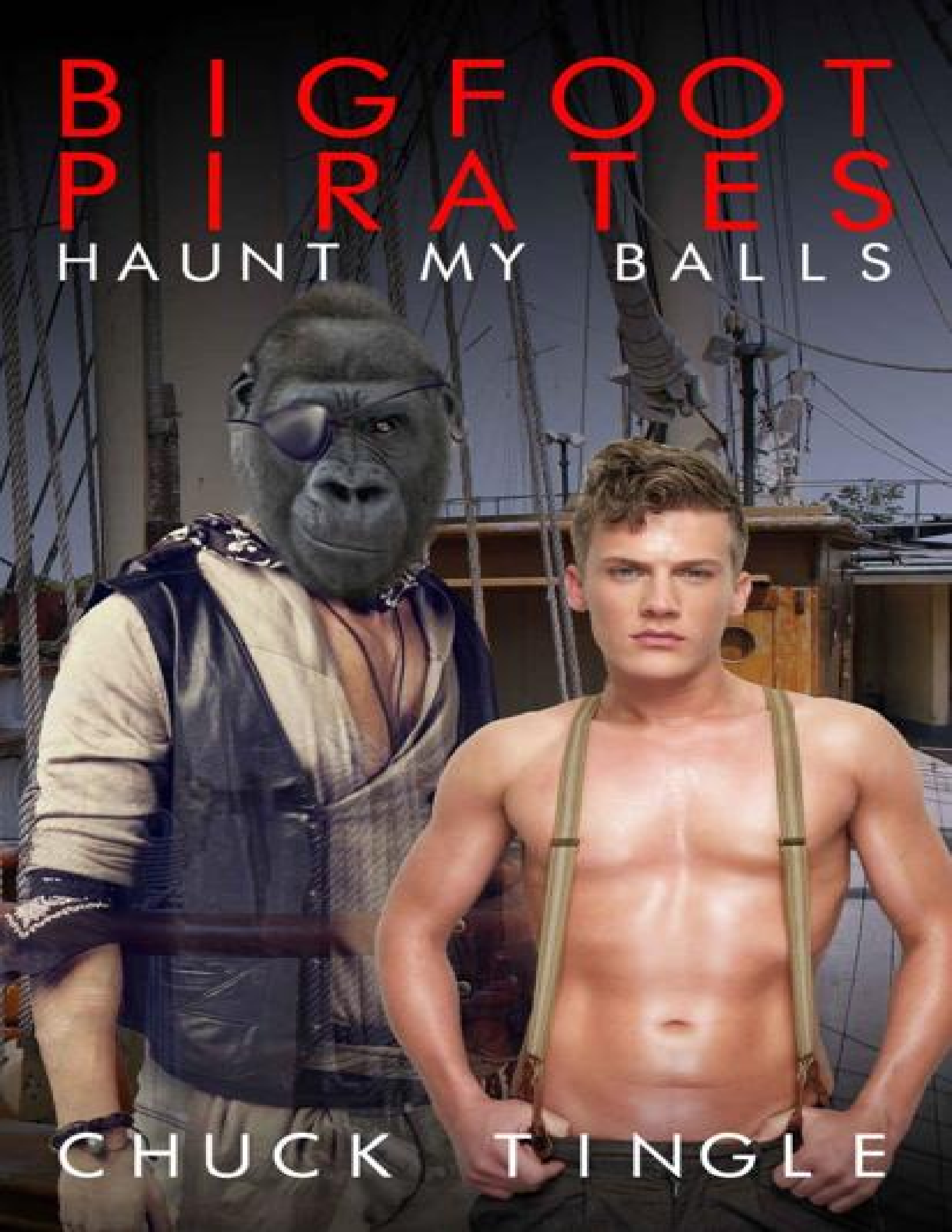
BIGFOOT PIRATES

HAUNT MY BALLS



CHUCK TINGLE

BIGFOOT PIRATES HAUNT MY BALLS

By Chuck Tingle

OceanofPDF.com

I remember a time when the idea of pirates seemed silly and childlike. Where criminals of the sea were firmly relegated to the world of Hollywood blockbusters and amusement park rides. Birthday parties would be themed with skull and crossbones, a pirate's flag waving above chocolate cake and streamers.

I miss those days.

But things have changed, and now the very word pirate is enough to send a terrifying chill down the spine of any full grown man. It's a very different world, indeed.

The most ironic part of all of this, of course, is that the horror on the water began right here on the land. As humans, it was our fault, really; we should have known better than to continue our encroachment on the habitat of our bigfoot neighbors. But greed is a powerful thing, and soon the forests were being hacked to pieces while apartments and minimarts were erected in their place. Rivers were dammed and replaced with roads while black smog filled the sky above.

Many of the bigfeet assimilated into human culture, several of them becoming very successful and ushering in a new world of human/bigfoot relations. There were bigfoot doctors, bigfoot lawyers and even a bigfoot president who was incredibly well liked by the American people.

But not all of the bigfeet wanted to adapt to the civilized world of jobs and taxes, and our cities didn't slow down with their brutal swell into the wilderness.

Soon, these wild bigfeet had nowhere left to go but off into the vast oceans, leaving the forest in droves as they set out to sea on massive barges of lashed together tree trunks. We watched them go with a sense of relief, glad that these ultimate protectors of the wilderness had finally hoisted the white flag of surrender. Of course, we never could have expected what would happen when the bigfeet came back.

Soon, human vessels were being boarded left and right, cruise ships pillaged for supplies and oilrigs set on fire. The bigfoot pirates were ruthless seamen, environmental terrorists of the open waters with an axe to grind against the society that had cast them out of house and home.

Of all these fearsome bigfoot pirates however, one stood tall above the rest as the most cutthroat pirate of them all; Lorko the Black.

Lorko was a ferocious bigfoot from Dallas, Texas, who was said to

have commandeered more vessels than every other bigfoot pirate combined. He ruled the seas with utter villainy as captain of his ship, Nice Abs, striking fear up and down the west coast and particularly the waters around Santa Monica, which is where I happen to live.

Encounters with Lorko were the stuff of legends around these parts, ranging from the time someone saw his massive pirate ship pass by in the early morning haze, to a near death battle in which the storyteller barely escaped with their life.

This is why it was such a huge deal when the Nice Abs was finally sunk just a few miles off the coastline, after a fearsome battle with the United States Navy.

The general reaction to the news was quite odd. On one hand, having such a violent criminal off the water was an absolute blessing, yet somehow the bigfoot pirate captain would be missed. Over time, Lorko had become a sort of celebrity around town, almost like a mascot for the city of Santa Monica. It didn't hurt that the bigfoot was incredibly handsome, a muscular creature with broad shoulders and a winning smile, but it was still hard for me personally to get behind celebrating a wanton criminal like he was some kind of folk hero.

That's not the only strange thing that started happening after Lorko died, however.

The first time I felt the ache in my balls I was taking my morning walk along the beach with my dog, Skippy. Skippy was playing in the waves, barking and dancing with jovial excitement as he fought against the ever changing tide. It was a day like any other, until suddenly I found myself buckling under the throbbing ache of a pain deep within my balls. I held fast, hunched over until the surges of discomfort passed completely, but by the time it was over I knew that something was dreadfully wrong.

I immediately booked an appointment with my doctor, and no more than twenty four hours later I found myself sitting in his Santa Monica office, waiting for my test results.

The door to my private room opens and my doctor walks in with a clipboard in his hand, causing me to sit up abruptly.

"Andy." Dr. Torp says, a concerned look plastered across his face. "We've got your results."

"And?" I ask, on the edge of my seat. I have a variety of different illnesses in my family and a diagnosis of any one of them would be

devastating. "Just give it to me straight, doc. How sick am I?"

Dr. Toro shakes his head. "Well, you're not sick, actually." He explains.

I stare at him blankly. "I'm not?" A smile of relief slowly begins to creep across my face.

"But don't get too excited." Dr. Torp tells me. "You're still in a world of trouble. I'm afraid your balls are haunted."

I freeze, hit suddenly with a wave of utter shock and anxiety. Of all the potential outcomes, I never would have guessed that this feeling within my balls was one of spiritual possession, but my doctor is a good one and I have no other choice but to trust his diagnosis.

"Haunted by who?" I ask, slowly, not exactly sure that I want to hear the answer.

Dr. Torp sits down in a chair across from me and shrugs. "At this point, we can't say for sure, it's too early in the haunting to get any real sense of who, or what, has possessed your balls. Eventually, though, the paranormal occurrences will become more and more frequent and you will likely be visited by some kind of apparition."

"A ghost?" I ask.

Dr. Torp nods.

"From my balls?" I continue.

Dr. Torp nods again. "Once that happens you should listen very carefully to what this apparition has to say. A lot of the time these ball hauntings are caused when a spirit is not yet ready to move on from the material world, they have unfinished business to take care of and they're not going to leave until they do. It could be anything from delivering a message to a loved one, to building a massive art museum; you just don't know."

I let out a sigh. "So you're telling me that I have to drop everything in *my* life and take care of whatever this ghost needs me to take care of?"

"I'm afraid so." Dr. Torp tells me. "Let's just hope that whoever is haunting your balls is reasonable with their request."

I'm laying in bed that night when the pain starts to flare up again, a throbbing ache from deep within my balls that causes me to toss and turn, eventually waking me from my slumber. I sit up in bed, the cool Santa

Monica air floating through the window and tickling my skin with a pleasant freshness.

It takes my eyes a moment to adjust to the darkness, but when they do I jump suddenly, surprised by the appearance of a large, semi-transparent figure standing at the foot of my bed. I immediately recognize him.

"You're Lorko the Black." I stammer. "The most notorious bigfoot pirate to ever sail the seven seas."

"Aye." Says the towering bigfoot ghost with a nod.

In person, he is even more handsome than I expected, his muscular frame simultaneously imposing and arousing. He is covered head to toe in jet black fur, an eye patch fastened tightly around one eye while the other stares down at me with devilish intensity.

"Why are you haunting my balls?" I ask. "Why me?"

Lorko shakes his head. "I didn't choose this fate, matey, it's simply the one I was dealt."

For a moment I find myself deeply connected to this spectral bigfoot pirate. In many ways we are both in the same boat, thrust into a situation that neither of us asked for by the random hand of fate. Now we are connected by an unbreakable chain that stretches well beyond the realms of life and death, the haunter and the haunted woven together for reasons that we may never truly understand.

Beneath the sheets, my cock starts to grow, throbbing alongside my balls as I take in the powerful physique of this majestic bigfoot.

"What do you want from me?" I ask him. "I need you to stop haunting my balls. I mean, you seem like a nice guy but it really hurts."

"Aye, the cold grip of death is a bastard!" Agrees Lorko. "It was not my intent to make 'yer balls ache like two oysters in the deep."

"Then help me." I beg. "Help me help you. What is your unfinished business?"

Lorko sighs as I say this, sitting down at the edge of my bed as his entire demeanor changes from fearsome pirate to old friend. "Now that is a hell of a tale." The bigfoot pirate ghost tells me. "One that needs to stay between you and me."

I nod in understanding.

"Aye then, listen up." Lorko begins. "My crew and I may have been the most dreaded pirates in the whole sea, but we were also the most secretive. Most folk thought it was because we were plotting something

devious, but the truth of the matter is that my crew and I…" Lorko trails off.

"What is it?" I beg to know. "You can tell me."

"The truth of the matter," Lorko begins again, "is that my crew and I are gay."

I gasp in astonishment, completely blindsided by this revelation. "Lorko the Black has been gay this whole time?" I ask. "That's amazing."

"Is it now?" Lorko chuckles.

"Well, yeah." I offer. "I mean there's nothing wrong with that. I'm gay, too."

Lorko eyes me up and down for a moment. "Well, that might explain why your balls are the ones being haunted."

"And why my cock is so hard?" I add, genuinely curious.

Lorko shakes his head. "I'm only haunting your balls, the shaft is all yours, mate."

I'm suddenly embarrassed by my careless admission, showing all of my cards right up front. This whole time I had thought my wanton attraction to the glorious bigfoot pirate was just part of the haunting, but now I realize that I truly am just incredibly turned on by the semi-transparent beast that stands before me.

"The thing is, me and my crew never had a chance to live out our gay lifestyle." Continues Lorko the Black. "We were adhering to the strict pirate code of no buggery, and had yet to find a civilian man who was willing to fulfill our desires as a gay crew. This is where you come in."

"Me?" I repeat, my heart pounding hard in my chest.

"Go down to the marina and take your boat out into the darkness of the night. There in the mist we'll find you."

"Right now?" I stammer.

Before I can even get the words out, however, Lorko is gone, disappearing into thin air right before my very eyes.

My balls still ache for release. I let out a long sigh and then climb out of bed. I put on my coat and get ready to head down to the marina.

The ocean around me is eerily still as I putt slowly out across the water in my small boat, not exactly sure where I should be going but scanning the darkness for sign. It's a beautiful night, clear as can be while I gaze up into the sky above of the twinkling lights of Santa Monica that drift

farther and farther behind me. It's been too long since I've been out here on the ocean, and regardless of whether on not I find Lorko out here, I'm still glad that I came.

By now, I'm beginning to think that all of this might have been a mistake. The events of an hour earlier now seem like nothing more than a strange fever dream, a brief lapse into delusional fantasy thanks to the mounting stress of a serious medical haunting.

I'm just about to give up and turn around when suddenly I notice a strange light mist floating out across the water towards me. There is no reason for fog tonight, and when I look a little closer the wafting smoke seems to be of an ethereal nature. The mist grows thicker and thicker until suddenly I'm surrounded by a wall of white, the shore and the sky completely obscured from vision.

Suddenly, out of nowhere comes Lorko's massive pirate ship, emerging from the haze like a demon from hell. There are torches alight down either side of its deck, illuminating an entire crew of semi-translucent bigfoot pirates and their handsome captain Lorko. My balls throb with a haunted ache.

"Ahoy!" Shouts down Lorko the Black. "So glad you could make it, Andy."

The next thing I know, a ladder is tossed over the edge of the pirate ship and lowered down to me so that I can grab on. I quickly lash my boat to the side of Lorko's vessel and then climb up the ladder, eventually emerging over the edge of the deck.

The entire gang of bigfoot pirates cheer when they see me, excitedly exchanging glances with one another as I stand before them.

"Welcome to the Nice Abs!" Lorko tells me. "How are you balls?"

"Haunted." I tell him.

"Well worry not, matey." Lorko shouts. "Soon, your ass will be just as haunted as your balls."

I know that his words are meant to scare and intimidate me, but as I stand here before the ghostly bigfoot pirates, I find myself overwhelmed by a much more powerful sensation than fear; arousal.

"You can haunt every inch of my body." I tell the crew seductively. "I'm here to finish your business, your *gay* business."

Lorko laughs aloud and looks to the rest of his crew. “You heard him boys! Get to it!”

The next thing I know I’m dropping down to my knees as the bigfoot pirates begins to circle around me. The mythical beasts stand tall and proud, towering over me with their muscular, fur covered bodies while I look up at them with cock hungry eyes.

“Give me those ghost bigfoot dicks.” I demand.

The crew knows what to do next, pulling out their thick furry cocks and pushing them towards me from every angle. I take one in each hand and start to stroke rapidly, beating them off as I wrap my mouth around Lorko’s swollen rod.

He pushes forward and I try my best to take him, struggling slightly as his length forces its way past my gag reflex and into the depths of my neck. My eyes start to water as he pumps back and forth within me, moving in and out of my wet lips with firm, manly thrusts.

Eventually, he pushes forward and holds, plunging as deep as he can go and making me choke on his cock. I make a strange, tortured gurgle as my face comes to rest against the captain’s hard, bigfoot abs, my eyes bulging until he pulls back and releases me.

As his cock retracts from my mouth I find myself gasping for air, sputtering and spitting as I desperately look from one pirate to the next with wild eyes.

“Tell me what you want to do to me!” I beg them. “Call me your dirty human twink!”

The bigfoot pirates exchange glances, clearly thrilled about the total freak whose balls they’ve been haunting.

“You like that undead sasquatch dick you fucking human sissy?” Lorko the Black asks me. “You like being haunted in your balls by a bigfoot poltergeist while you suck me off?”

I start to answer but the words are cut off as he shoves his thickness into my mouth, then processes to slam my head down again and again onto his member. His massive hairy hands behind my head, I struggle against him until finally he releases and passes me on to someone else. This continues until the whole ship has had a turn at fucking my face and the tears run down my cheeks.

“More.” I groan. “I need more ghost dick.”

“Stand the fuck up.” Lorko commands, pulling me to my feet.

He spins me around, roughly, and then pulls off my pants, then boxer briefs, and throws them to the side. I balance myself with both hands against the railing of the pirate ship, poking my bare ass out towards them while I gaze across the black water before me.

"Take my living human ass." I tell the crew, locking my knees and bending forward.

The guys do as they're told, lining up one by one behind me with Lorko at the front. He takes his time, aligning his cock with my tight hole and then he pushes forward, causing me to jump in shock from the foreign sensation. I feel my ass opening up, the rim of it stretching to accommodate the ghost captain's enormous bigfoot dick. I let out a long, loud moan of pleasure and pain, reeling from the unfamiliar sensation as Lorko the Black begins to slowly pump in and out of me. Lorko grasps my hips tightly for a better angle and then continues to plow, entering me fully before pulling back and throwing in a few hard slap of his hand against my ass cheek for good measure.

"Fuck him good, captain!" One of the crew chimes in, a catcall that's greeted with uproarious cheers from the others. "Take that human butthole to town!"

Lorko's slamming me hard now as I look back at him with pleading eyes. My cock is rock hard, so I reach down and start to stroke off my shaft while he pummels me.

After a while, Lorko tags himself out and lets one of his crew have a go. This bigfoot is somehow even bigger than Lorko was, and when he pushes inside of me I can't help but scream out into the darkness. It doesn't stop him for one second, though, and moments later I'm getting pounded again as I bite my lip and take it like the bad, bad boy that I am.

Once again the beasts cycle through, using my asshole like their own personal gay sex toy. The gang's rough treatment of my muscular body makes me insanely horny, and it's not long before I find myself right on the edge of blowing a massive load. I'm just about there when Lorko grabs me and pulls me away from the railing.

"Where are we going?" I ask.

Lorko lies right down onto the wooden deck, his firm cock jutting out from his ripped body.

"Get over here." He tells me. I walk over to him and Lorko motions for me to spin around, which I do, then he commands for me to

squat down onto his thickness.

I lower myself slowly, dropping until I feel the tip of his shaft knock against my backdoor. I take a deep breath, relaxing as much as I can before letting myself fall all the way, then leaning back as his massive spectral shaft enters me and throwing my legs out in the air to either side. Lorko pulls me against him, my back pressed down onto his furry, chiseled chest, and then he begins to pump in and out of my butthole.

One of the other majestic undead bigfeet climbs down in front of me and positions himself on his knees. His cock engorged and ready, the creature aligns himself with my already taken ass and then pushes forward, entering me simultaneously with the shaft that's already pounding my tightness from beneath. Having never been double penetrated before; I hardly know what to do with myself.

I buck forward and back as the two monsters thrust into my body in tandem with one another. The bigfeet work in perfect synchronicity, causing me to tremble with wave after wave of intense, blissful sensation.

"Are you a bad little twink human?" One of them asks me.

"I'm am." I say, my voice quivering with every hard thrust.

"Do you like taking those two bigfoot ghost dicks?" Lorko demands to know, grabbing my ass cheeks and spreading me out from below while the two of them slam into my taut asshole. I'm stretched wide around them, barely able to accommodate their immense size.

"I love taking bigfoot ghost dicks!" I scream. "Haunt my asshole like you haunt my fucking balls!"

Suddenly, there is a bigfoot pirate ghost standing at either side of me and one in the front, straddling my face. I quickly grab the beasts to the left and right and begin to furiously beat their long hairy shafts. The bigfoot who has stepped in front of me takes me by the head and pushes his cock deep down my throat, gagging me.

Now, my hands full of cock while two monsters pound my ass and another takes my throat, I truly feel like the filthy gay twink that I am; and I absolutely love it.

This whole time I thought I was helping the ghostly crew come to terms with their death, but now I realize that they've helped me come to terms with my life as a cock hungry bigfoot lover.

As a human encroaching on the land of these majestic bigfeet, I'd gotten so used to having everything handed to me. Now, actually being out

here on the dark water and taking what I want from the world is utterly refreshing.

The pirates continue to pound me with their fat furry cocks, and as they do I find that familiar sensation of prostate orgasm creeping back across my body. It feels nice and warm, tingling as it travels from my dick to my stomach and then down across my arms and legs in a lustful fire. I start to shake, my eyes rolling back into my head and my legs kicking out straight while the sensation finally overtakes me and I explode from within. My dick begins ejecting hot cum everywhere in a series of forceful pumps.

"Oh my god!" I scream, my voice muffled by the dick in my throat.

The bigfeet don't let up for a second, slamming into my with everything that they've got as I convulse and spasm between them in ecstasy. I grab tightly onto the creature in front of me, hanging on for dear life as I howl and scream and then finally I fall back between them, fucked silly.

The monsters inside of my asshole are quick to follow, letting out groans of their own as they blow their hot white loads up inside of me. I can feel the semen fill my body, bursting out around the edge of their cocks and running down my ass crack and legs in thick, messy streaks. As they slide of out me, a torrent of ghost jizz comes flowing out as well, spilling onto the deck below.

The rest of the crew stand and beat their cocks, anxious to blow across my face. I stick out my tongue playfully and look upward, coaxing them along as I play with their hanging bigfoot balls.

Moments later, they start to explode.

The first one shoots a warm rope of semen across my mouth, running from cheek to cheek like a liquid smile. I laugh a little and turn to the next beast, who blasts an utterly enormous load onto my pink tongue. I swallow hungrily as the final two step up on either side of me and quickly finish off in similar fashion, painting my face with even more streaks of milky white. I'm completely plastered with cum.

I lay back onto the hard wood below, exhausted; catching my breath until finally the bigfeet help me up.

"That was fantastic!" Yells Lorko the Black, clapping his hands together. "Thanks for helping us out there. I think it's safe to say that our business as ghost pirates is now finished!"

The whole crew cheers and I smile with warm enthusiasm.

"Time to celebrate!" Shouts the captain. "And what would a celebration be without someone walking the plank?"

Again the crew cheers, and I cheer with them until suddenly I feel myself being grabbed by the arms and roughly hoisted into the air.

"Wait!" I scream. "Me? What are you doing?"

"Sorry, mate!" Lorko calls out as the rest of the pirates carry me over to the edge. "We don't have a plank so it looks like we'll just have to throw you overboard. Never trust a pirate, and especially not a bigfoot pirate ghost!"

"No!" I cry, but it's too late. Suddenly, I flying through the air, tossed overboard by the crew and plummeting down towards the cold, dark water below.

I sit up with a gasp. This time, instead of my bedroom, I find myself surrounded by the beautiful Santa Monica coastline as the sun rises behind me, casting the sand with a beautiful, golden hue. I'm soaking wet, but alive.

Lying in the sand next to me is a note in a bottle, which presumably washed up onto the shore at about the same time. I grab the bottle and pop off the cork, removing the curled parchment from within.

I unfurl the paper and read aloud.

"Dear Andy." The page says, the words written in a beautiful inked script. "Sorry to scare you like that, but us pirates have a difficult time with goodbyes. Sometimes it's easier to just throw someone overboard than having to tell them the truth."

My heart is suddenly pounding, tears welling up in my eyes as I read the words before me. I don't want to read anymore because I know what it's about to say, and I just don't know if my heart can take it.

"The truth is," I finally continue reading, "I love you."

I crumble forward in the sand, overwhelmed by emotions. I had only just met this bigfoot pirate ghost and gangbanged his crew, but in this short time I had also fallen hard for the spectral sasquatch. Now, however, he is gone.

When I finally get up the courage I continue to read aloud through the tears. "Just know that we will be together again someday in the afterlife." Torko writes.

My balls no longer ache, the haunting gone from their delicate hang.

I put the note back into the bottle and then stand up, looking out across the water as the sun continues to rise. I have faith that one day I well see my captain again, like a bird returns in the springtime or a man returns to the frozen lake of his wife's drowning year after year. One day, I will see Torko again. One day, he will haunt more than just my balls.

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